

Orient, the Pacific Coast built great hopes. Popular admiration was universal and genuine. Even anti-railroad agitation could not embitter the kindness that his name evoked from Bellingham Bay to San Francisco. When the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was opened at Seattle, he was selected as the orator of the day. He lifted the occasion to a higher level than the glorification of a country growing rich out of the profusion and possibilities within it. He drew a moral from the display of a world's industry, and stamped upon it and its accessories a high thought. He said: 'There are four great words that should be written upon the cornerstones of every public building in this country with the sacredness of a religious rite. These watch-words of the republic are Equality, Simplicity, Economy, and Justice.' From these he would have all men and communities begin anew. The people of Seattle desired a more permanent memorial of the great man of their affection and honour than the ceremony of a day. In February, 1909, Mr. Finn Frolich was commissioned to prepare a bust from which should be made a statue of Mr. Hill, to be cast in bronze. This was to be placed in the Exposition grounds, and afterward removed to the campus of the Washington State University. The bust was unveiled in August of the same year. It rests upon a granite base containing blocks from Japan, Canada, Minnesota, and Washington. These far four corners of the earth unite to form a pedestal of honor. Eminent men of many countries sent messages of congratulation. Long before this, Mr. Hill had become in the largest and finest sense, a citizen of the world. His fame was international. His services were cosmopolitan. This event was only part of the official confirmation of his title."

Mr. Hill died at his St. Paul home on May 29, 1916. There were many expressions of sorrow. One of the most eloquently simple tributes was in an editorial in the *New York Times*: "Greatness became him, and was a condition of his errand here. Whatever he had done, it had been greatly done. He trusted democracy perhaps more than it trusts itself. He believed in its economic destiny. Giving much, he received much. We salute the memory of a great American."

EDMOND S. MEANY.

Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries. By HUDSON STUCK. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1917. Pp. 397. \$4.50 net.)

This is a charming and valuable book of travel along the greatest river of northwest America, and it is the best and most complete story of that wonderful waterway ever written. It exhibits a knowledge of conditions prevailing in that land gained by many years of

constant travel in both winter and summer. The author sees what has happened to the natives of the country, what is happening, and tells the true cause; and his sympathies are rightly placed. He has an appreciation of the grandeur of the great stream, and an insight into its mysteries: he has heard the seethe of the silt in its waters as it ground on the bottom of his boat!

The main channel of the Yukon from the headwaters to the sea are described, as well as the tributaries on the Alaskan side: the Porcupine, the Koyokuk, Innoko, and Tanana. This is prefaced with a brief sketch of the thousand-mile waterway up the inside-passage to Skagway. Into the web of his story he has woven much of historical interest, and has recorded many items of local lore not before in print. There is a glimpse of the gold-rush to the Klondike in 1897-98; and here and there is a story from the old fur-trading days when the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Russian-American Company ruled the land.

On the other hand, the author betrays a lack of proper perspective in his estimate of events, in some instances. There is an over-weening worship of things "British," very worthy institutions in themselves, but which do not justify the rather invidious comparisons to things "American." He feels a grievance because the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company was compelled to vacate Fort Yukon after twenty-two years of unlawful occupation. When Alexander Hunter Murray passed the boundary line on the *Porcupine* he noted that fact in his *Journal of the Yukon*, and said, "We are now, according to my reckoning, across the boundary line." After he reached Fort Yukon he recorded again, "We are across the edge and that by a 'long chalk' six degrees of longitude across the Russian Boundary." In referring to the preliminary surveys of the International Boundary Line on the Yukon by Mr. Ogilvie, and on the Porcupine by Mr. Turner, the author is scarcely fair to the latter. The mathematical error was but little in either case, and practically the same in amount. Mr. Ogilvie placed the line about a quarter of a mile to the west, or on the American side, and Mr. Turner, the American surveyor, estimated it about the same distance to the west of the finally-determined line. The Yukon government has been good enough not to ask fulsome praise, and the American control of Alaska has been bad enough not to demand undue censure.

The book as a whole is a true voice that speaks the spirit of the North, and every one who has traveled the stretches of this northern river will find a pleasure in a perusal of its pages.

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